

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most  
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor  
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,  
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour  
I haue a voice and president of peace  
To my name vngor'd: but all that time  
I doe receiue your offered loue, like loue,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager  
frankly play.  
Giue vs the Foiles.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me fir.

*Ham.* No by this hand.

*King.* Giue them the foiles yong *Ostrick*, cosin *Ham*.  
You know the wager.

*Ham.* Very well my Lord.

Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

*King.* I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,  
But since he is better, we haue therefore oddes.

*Laer.* This is to heauy: let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

*Ostr.* I my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the stoops of wine vpon the table,  
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their Ordinance fire.  
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,  
And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,  
Richer then that which foure successiue Kings  
In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,  
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,  
The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,  
The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

Now

## Prince of Denmarke.

Now the King drinckes to *Hamlet*, come begin. *Trumpets*  
And you the Iudges beare a warie eye. *the while.*

*Ham.* Come on fir.

*Laer.* Come my Lord.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Iudgement.

*Ostr.* A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, Trumpets and shot.*

*Laer.* Well, againe. *Flourish, a Peece goes off.*

*King.* Stay, giue me drink, *Hamlet* this Pearle is thine.  
Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.

*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set it by a while  
Come, another hit. What say you?

*Laer.* I doe confest.

*King.* Our sonne shall winne.

*Quee.* He's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,

The *Queene* carowles to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* Gertrard, doe not drinke.

*Quee.* I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

*Quee.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.

*King.* I doe not think'r.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience,

*Ham.* Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me

*Laer.* Say you so come on.

*Ostr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Haue at you now.

*King.* Part them, they are incenst.

*Ham.* Nay come againe.

*Ostr.* Looke to the *Queene* there hoe.

*Hora.* They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

*Ostr.* How ist *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Why as a Woodcock to mine owne springe. *Ostrick*

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